

Mar. 9, 1945
Germany

Dearest,

Did you survive the harangue I wrote you yesterday? It must have seemed remote to you. The ethics of war are a perpetual puzzle to me! It seems likely that no sensible solution to the human paradox of War is possible. I think perhaps my basic postulates may be wrong. I think I'll study it a little from the standpoint that all humans are basically evil and inhumane. Perhaps, with such different building blocks, one could reason more sensibly.

Today was fun! I went over to a neighboring rubble-pile which used to be a German town, on the outskirts of which is a liaison group. Made a contact. Result: a nice hour's flying tour of the immediate area. Many of the towns have a few buildings left intact in their periphery, but the rest looks satisfyingly like the rubbish heaps of Normandy. I think the Boche will not soon forget the waste and destruction which war brings! It was exhilarating and wonderful to have the stick in hand again! My new found friend turned the trip over to me for half an hour, and let me feel around with it. Flying is in my bones to stay I'm afraid, so take warning as regards that post-war world.

Speaking of which, I can now rejoice with you over the exciting news of our crossings of the Rhine. Yesterday, when I wrote, I was bursting with the knowledge of it, but now it is public property. That has done it, I think! Hold your thumbs, sweet; the end of this business is starting to get under way. The river itself is low, and from the air doesn't seem as big as I had remembered it. (I took some pictures today which I hope may prove interesting.) When you see pictures of the Roer, you will be amazed at how small it seems! No bigger than the Platte under the viaduct. But you must remember that it was unstable in size until the dams were blown. The second-volume was subject to geometric aggrandisement. But after it had receded, it would scarcely float a 3 lb. rainbow, and the fult brat would bang up in the riffle. (Along the road the other day, I saw an almost intact "fult brat" lying in front of a sinking building. Happy memories.)

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